*Per.* May see the sea hath cast upon your coast.

2. What a drunken knave was the sea,
To cast thee in our way.

*Per.* A man whom both the waters and the winde,
In that vast Tennis-Court, hath made the Ball
For them to play upon, intreates you pitty him:
He askes of you, that never used to beg.

1. No friend, cannot you beg?
Heer's them in our Country of *Greece*,
Gets more with begging, than we can doe with working.

2. Canst thou catch any Fishes then?

*Per.* I never practiz'd it.

2. Nay then thou wilt starve sure; for heere's nothing to be got now-adayes, unlesse thou canst fish for't.

*Per.* What I have beene, I have forget to know;
But what I am, want teaches me to thinke on:
A man throngd up with cold, my veines are chill,
And have no more of life, than may suffice
To give my tongue that heate to aske your helpe:
Which if you shall refuse, when I am dead,
For that I am a man, pray see me buried.

1 Die ke-tha, now gods forbid, I have a gowne heere, come put it on, keepe thee warme: now afore me a handsome fellow: Come, thou shalt goe home, and wee'l have flesh for all day, fish for fasting dayes and more; or Puddings and Flap-jacks, and thou shalt be welcome.

*Per.* I thanke you sir.

2. Hearke you, my friend, You said you could not beg.

*Per.* I did but crave.

2. But crave? then Ile turne craver too,
And so I shall scape whipping.

*Per.* Why, are all your beggers whipt then?

2. Oh not all, my friend, not all: for if all your beggers were whipt, I would wish no better office, than to be Beadle. But Master, Ile goe draw the Net.

*Per.* How well this honest mirth becomes their labour?

1. Hearke you sir, doe you know where ye are?

*Per.*



*Per.* Not well.

1. I tell you, this is called *Pantapoles*,
And our King, the good *Symonides*.

*Per.* The good King *Symonides* doe you call him?

1. I sir, and he deserves so to be call'd,
For his peaceable raigne, and good government.

*Per.* He is a happy King, since he gaines from
His Subjects, the name of good, by his government.
How farre is his Court distant from this shore?

1. Marry sir halfe a dayes journey: and Ile tell you, he hath a faire daughter, and to morrow is her birth-day, and there are Princes and Knights come from all parts of the world, to Iust and Turney for her love.

*Per.* Were my fortunes equall to my desires,
I could wish to make one there.

1, O sir, things must be as they may: and what a man cannot get, he may lawfully deale for his wives soule.

*Enter the two Fisher-men, drawing up a Net.*

2. Helpe, Master, helpe, heere's a fish hangs in the Net, like a poore mans right in the law, twill hardly come out. Ha bots on't, tis come at last, and tis turnd to a rusty Armour.

*Per.* An Armour, friends, I pray you let me see it.
Thankes Fortune, yet that after all crosses,
Thou giv'st me somewhat to repaire my selfe:
And though it was mine own part of my heritage,
Which my dead father did bequeathe me,
With this strict charge, even as he left his life:
Keepe it, my *Pericles*, it hath beene a shield
Twixt me and death: and pointed to this Brayse:
For that it saved me; keepe it in like necessity:
The which the gods protect thee, Fame may defend thee:
It kept where I kept, I so dearely loved it,
Till the rough Seas (that spares not any man)
Tooke it in rage, though calm'd hath given't againe:
I thanke thee for't, my shipwrack now's no ill,
Since I have here my fathers gift in's will.



WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Pericles* (STC 22339) LONDON, 1635 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G e.19) Octavo